

Old Favorite Songs

No. 2

Home Collection

The
Finest
Collection
Ever
Issued

Words
and
Music
Complete



Over 50 Pieces

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ABIDE WITH US.

Sacred Song.

Eben H. Bailey.

Andante. *dolce*

A . bide with us, Thou
A . bide with us, in :

PIANO. *mp* *p*

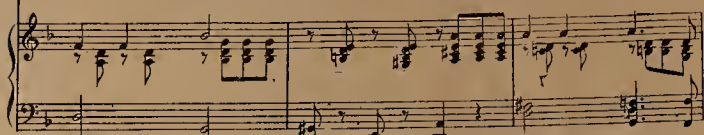
Son of God to - night, We did not seem to need Thee in the light,
to our dwell - ing come, To cheer our sick, our sad, our sorrowing ones

But as the dark - ness comes, O Christ be near, Then we will cast a-side our
And when the loved shall sink in death's dark night Guide Thou the spi-rit in its

ev - 'ry fear A . bide with us, we need Thy con-stant care
home - ward flight A . bide with us, O Son of God, yea come

p

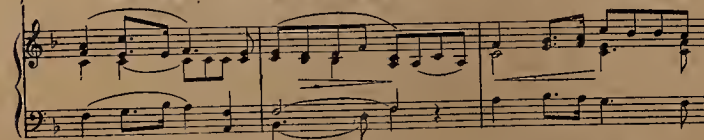
For Sa - tan stand eth with the tempting snare To lure us from the
And make our low ly cot Thy hum ble home As Thou didst make that



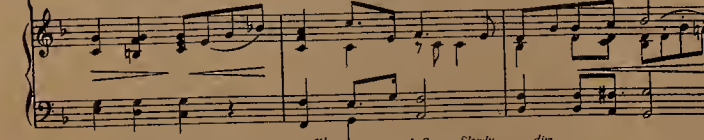
path of wis-dom's way; A-bide with us dear Saviour lest we stray.
house of Beth-a - ny; So may our dwelling ev - er be to Thee.



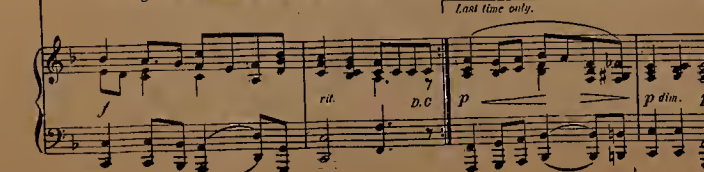
a tempo
A - bide with us, nor pass our cot-tage by, We know our roof is low but
A - bide with us, dear Lord un-to the last, Be near as thro' the sha-dy



be Thou nigh; Then shall our dwell ing be a place where-in
veil we pass; Be Thou our rod, all thro' the swell-ing tide,



f Thou Christ, the ris-en one, shall reign a King. *rit.* *fz. C.* *Slur'd.* *d/m.*
Be nigh to welcome to the oth-er side. *p*



A - bide with us, 2

THE BRIDGE.

Words by H. W. Longfellow.

Music by M. Lindsay.

With expression.

1. I..... stood on the bridge at mid-night, As the clocks were strik - ing the hour,
2. For my heart.. was hot and rest - less, And my life was full of... care.

And the moon rose o'er the ci - ty, Be - hind... the dark church tow'r,
And the bur - den laid up - on me Seemed great - er than I could bear.

And, like.... the wa - ters rush - ing A - mong the wood - en piers, ..
But now it has fall - en from me, It is bur - ied in the sea. ..

A flood of... thoughts came o'er... me, That filled my eyes... with tears..
And on - ly the sor - row of oth - ers Throws its shad - ow o - ver me; Yet

How oft - en... oh! how oft - en, In the days that had gone by,
when - ev - er I cross the riv - er, On its bridge with wood - en piers,

THE BRIDGE.

2

I had stood on that bridge at mid-night, And gazed on that wave and sky!
Like the o - dor of brine from the o - cean Comes the thought of... oth - er years,

How... oft - en, oh! how oft - en, In the days... that had gone by,
And for - ev - er, and for - ev - er, As... long as the riv - er flows,

I had stood on that bridge at mid - night, And gazed on that wave and sky!
As... long as the heart has pas - sions, As long... as life has woes,

How oft - en... oh!... how oft - en, I had wished that the ebb - ing tide
The moon and its bro - ken re - flec - tion, And its shad ows... shall ap - pear

Would bear me a - way on its bos - om, O'er the o - cean wild and wide!
As the sym - bol of love... in heav - en, And its wav - er - ing in - age here.

Drink to me only with thine Eyes.

Ben Jonson.

Andante.

Anonymous.

VOICE.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I — will pledge with
2 I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon' - ring

PIANO.

mine, — Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for
thee — As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not wi - ther'd

wine: — The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di -
be, — But thou there on didst on - ly breathe And - sent'st it back to

vine, — But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine! —
me; — Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee! —

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

Allegretto, mf

1. Way down in the mead - nw where the lil - y first blows, Where the wind from the
2. She's fair like a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she nev - er was
3. Ev - e - li - na and I nne fine eve - ning to June 'Fook a walk all a -
4. Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar, Ev - e - li - na still

mf

mountains nev - er ruf - fes the rose; Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle
known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace - ful curls hang her na - ven black
lane by the light of the moon, The plan - ets all shone, for the heav - ens were
lives in that green gras - ey hollow, Al - though I am fat - ed to - mar - ry her

CHORUS, f

dove, The pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love.
hair, And she nev - er re - quires per - fum - er - y there.
clear, And I felt round the heart tre - mend - ous - ly near.
never, I've sworn that I'll love her for ev - er and ever.

Dear Ev - e - li - na,

f

sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die; Dear Ev - e -

rit.
li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME.

(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

p Moderato

1 Do they miss me at home do they miss me? 'Twould be an as sur - ance most
 2 When twi - light ap - proach es, the sea - son That ev - er is sa - cred to
 3 Do they miss me at home do they miss me At morn - ing, at noon, or at

dear To know that this no - ment some loved one. . . . Were
 song, Does some one re - peal my name o - ver. . . . And
 night? And lin - gers one gloom - y shade round them. . . . That

say - ing "I wish he were here." To feel that the group at the fire - side Were
 sigh that I tar - ry so long? And is there a chord in the mu - sic That's
 on - ly my pres - ence can light? And joys less in - vit - ing - ly wel - come, And

think - ing of me as I roam. . . . Oh. . . . yes, 'twould be joy be - yond meas - ure. . . . To
 miss'd when my voice is a - way, And a chord in each heart that a - wak - eth. . . . Re
 pleas - ures less hale than be fore, Be - cause one is miss'd from the cir - cle. . . . Be

know that they miss me at home. . . . To know that they miss me at home
 gret at my wea - ri - some stay. . . . Re - gret at my wea - ri - some stay?
 cause I am with them no more. . . . Be - cause I am with them no more?

FLEE AS A BIRD.

Words by MARY S. B. DANA.

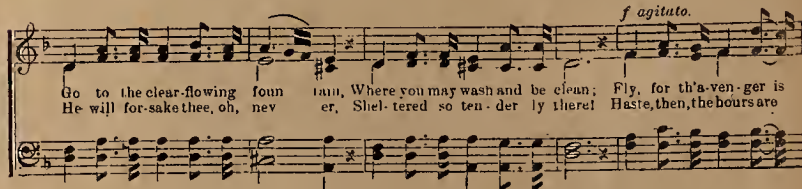
Spanish Melody.

Expression.



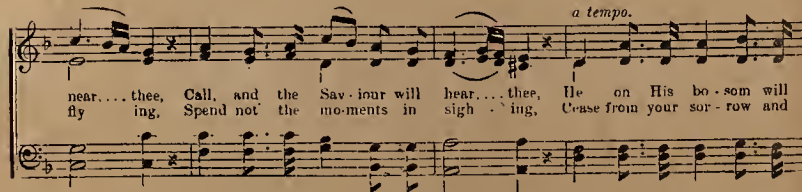
1. Flee as a bird to you mountain, Thou who art weary of sin....
2. He will protect thee for ever, Wipe every falling tear...

f agitato.



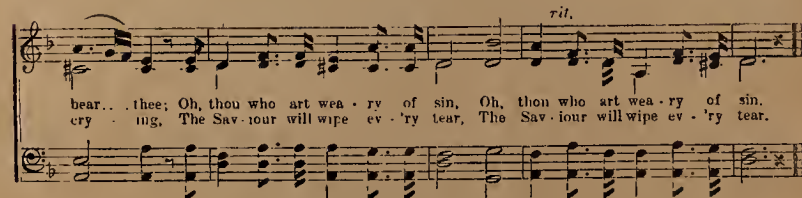
Go to the clear-flowing fountain, Where you may wash and be clean; Fly, for th'avenger is
He will forsake thee, oh, never, Sheltered so tenderly there! Haste, then, the hours are

a tempo.



near... thee, Call, and the Saviour will hear... thee, He on His bosom will
fly ing, Spend not the moments in sigh ing, Cease from your sorrow and

rit.

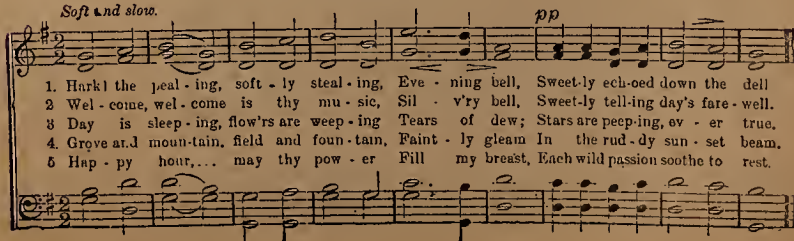


bear... thee; Oh, thou who art weary of sin, Oh, thou who art weary of sin.
cry ing, The Saviour will wipe every tear, The Saviour will wipe every tear.

THE EVENING BELL.

Soft and slow.

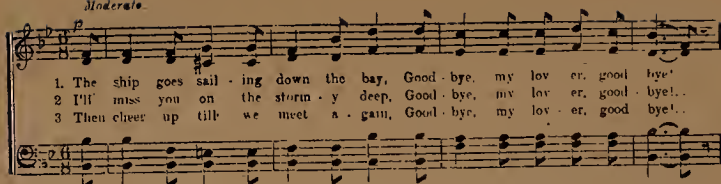
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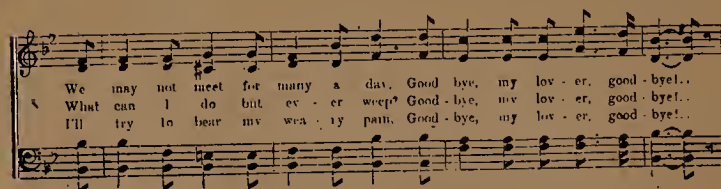
1. Hark! the peal-ing, soft-ly steal-ing, Eve-ning bell, Sweet-ly ech-oed down the dell
2. Wel-come, wel-come is thy mu-sic, Sil-very bell, Sweet-ly tell-ing day's fare-well.
3. Day is sleep-ing, flow'rs are weep-ing Tears of dew; Stars are peep-ing, ev-er true,
4. Grove and moun-tain, field and foun-tain, Faint-ly gleam In the rud-dy sun-set beam,
5. Hap-py hour... may thy pow-er Fill my breast, Each wild passion soothe to rest.

GOOD-BYE, MY LOVER, GOOD-BYE!

Moderato.

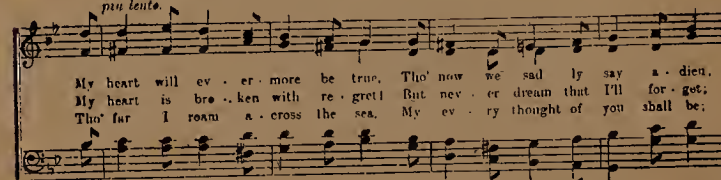


1. The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
 2. I'll miss you on the storm - y deep, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
 3. Then cheer up till we meet a - gain, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!



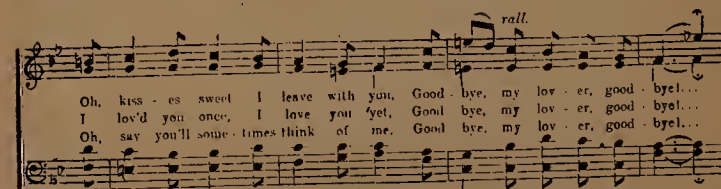
We may not meet for many a day, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
 What can I do but ev - er weep, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
 I'll try to bear my wea - ry pain, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!

piu lento.



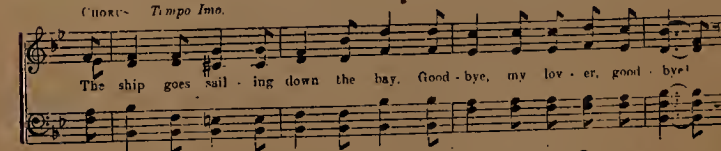
My heart will ev - er more be true, Tho' now we sad - ly say a - dieu,
 My heart is bro - ken with re - gret! But nev - er dream that I'll for - get;
 Tho' far I roam a - cross the sea, My ev - ry thought of you shall be;

rall.

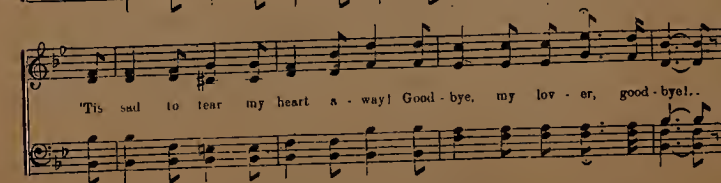


Oh, kiss - es sweet I leave with you, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
 I lov'd you once, I love you 'yet, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
 Oh, say you'll some - times think of me, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!

CHORUS - Tempo Mo.



The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!



'Tis sad to tear my heart a - way! Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

BURNS.

Allegro.

PIANO. *mf*

1. There's nought but care on ev-'ry han', In ev-'ry hour that pass-es, O! What
 2. The world-ly race may rich-es chase, An' rich-es still may fly them, O! Au'
 3. Gie me a can-tie hour at e'en, My arms a-bout my dear-ie, O! Au'
 4. And you sae douce, wha sweer at this, Ye're nought but senseless ass-es, O! The

sig-ni-fies the life o' man, An' 'twere na' for the lass-es, O!
 though at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can' ne'er en-joy them, O!
 world-ly cares and world-ly men May a' gae tap-sal-tee-rie, O!
 wis-est man the world e'er saw, He dear-ly lo'ed the lass-es, O!

Green grow the rash-es, O! green grow the rash-es, O! The sweet-est hours that

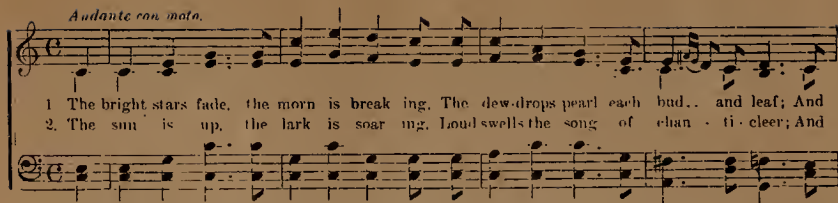
ere I spent Were spent a-mang the lass-es, O!

5 Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
 Her noblest works she classes, O;
 Her 'prentice hau' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow the rashes, O! etc.

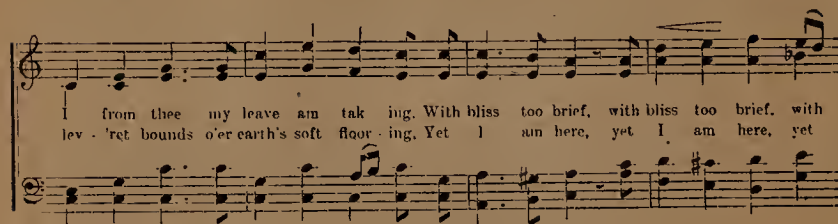
GOOD-BYE SWEETHEART.

J. L. HATTON.

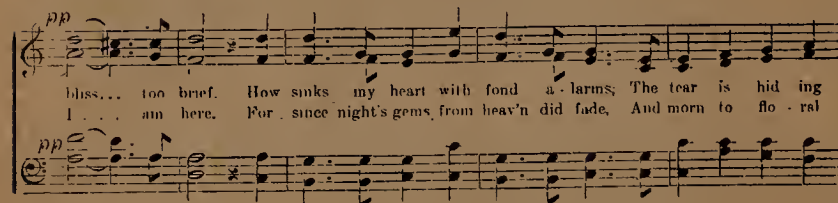
Audante con moto.



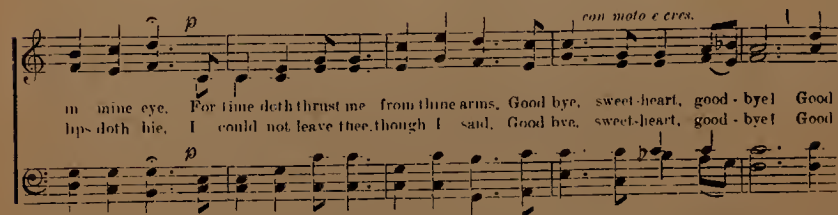
1 The bright stars fade, the morn is break ing, The dew-drops pearl each bud.. and leaf; And
2 The sun is up, the lark is soar ing, Loud swells the song of chan - ti - cleer; And



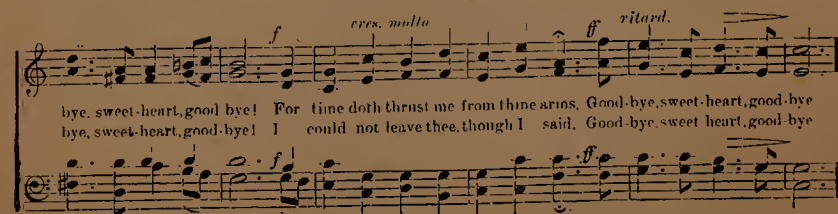
I from thee my leave am tak ing, With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief, with
lev - 'ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor - ing, Yet I am here, yet I am here, yet



pp bliss... too brief. How sinks my heart with fond a - larms; The tear is hid ing
I . . . am here. For since night's gems, from heav'n did fade, And morn to flo - ral



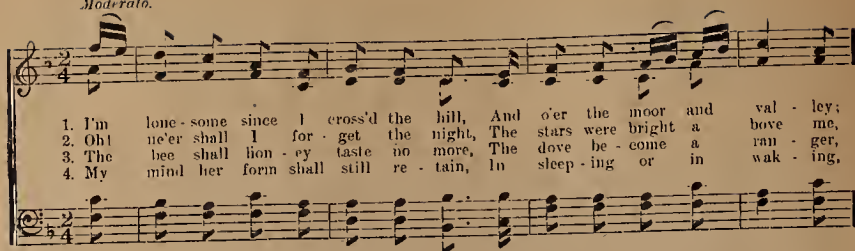
p in mine eye. For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good bye, sweet-heart, good - bye! Good
lips doth hie, I could not leave thee, though I said, Good bye, sweet-heart, good - bye! Good



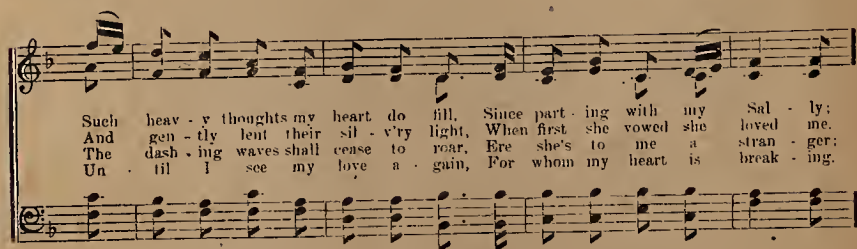
cres. molto *ritard.*
bye, sweet-heart, good bye! For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye
bye, sweet-heart, good-bye! I could not leave thee, though I said, Good-bye, sweet heart, good-bye

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

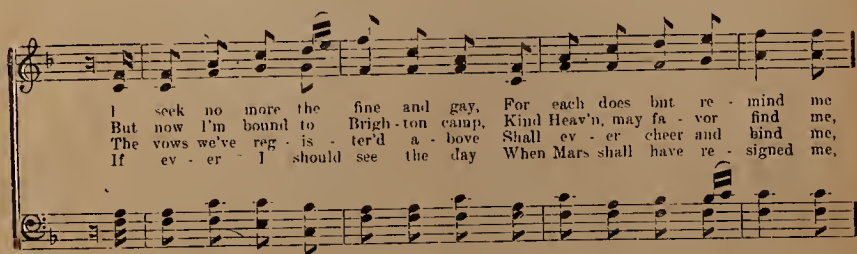
Moderato.



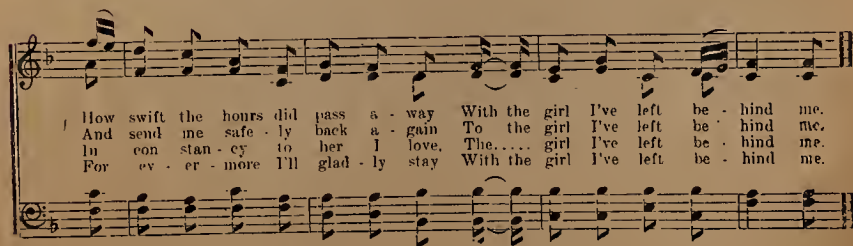
1. I'm lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val - ley;
 2. Oh! ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a - bove me,
 3. The bee shall lion - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a ran - ger,
 4. My mind her form shall still re - tain, In sleep - ing or in wak - ing,



Such heav - y thoughts my heart do fill, Since part - ing with my Sal - ly:
 And gen - tly lent their sil - v'ry light, When first she vowed she loved me,
 The dash - ing waves shall cease to roar, Ere she's to me a stran - ger:
 Un - til I see my love a - gain, For whom my heart is break - ing.



I seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re - mind me
 But now I'm bound to Brigh - ton camp, Kind Heav'n, may fa - vor find me,
 The vows we've reg - is - ter'd a - bove Shall ev - er cheer and bind me,
 If ev - er I should see the day When Mars shall have re - signed me,



How swift the hours did pass a - way With the girl I've left be - hind me,
 And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind me,
 In con stan - cy to her I love, The... girl I've left be - hind me,
 For ev - er - more I'll glad - ly stay With the girl I've left be - hind me.

THE HEART BOWED DOWN.

BALFE.

Moderato.

1. The heart bowed down by weight of woe, To weak - est hopes will
 2. The mind will in its worst de - spair, Still pon - der o'er the

eling; To thought and im - pulse while they flow, That
 past; On mo - ments of do - light that were Too

can no coin - fort bring, That can, that, can no... coin - fort...
 beau - ti - ful.... to last, That were too... beau - ti - ful.... to...

bring, To those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er
 last; To long do - part - ed years ex - tend, Its

pleas - ure's path - - way thrown; But mem - 'ry is the
 vis - ions with... them down; For mem - 'ry is the

on - ly friend That grief can call... its own, That

grief can call its own... That grief can call its own.

Words & Melody by
J. W. Van de VENTER.

LOOKING THIS WAY.

Arranged by
J. B. BIRKBECK.

SACRED SONG with CHORUS.

VOICE.

Andante con expression.

PIANO
or
ORGAN.

p

rit.

a tempo.

1. O-ver the
2. Father and
3. Brother and
4. Sweet lit-tle
5. Je-sus the

crs.

riv-er, fa-ces I see, Fair as the morn-ing, Look-ing for me, Free from their

mo-ther, safe in vale, Watch for the boat-man, wait for the sail, Bear-ing the

sis-ter, gone to that clime, Watch for the oth-ers, com-ing sometime, Safe with the

dar-ling, light of the home, Look-ing for some one, beck-on-ing come, Bright as a

Sa-viour, bright morn-ing star, Look-ing for lost ones stray-ing a-far, Hear the glad

crs.

sor-row, grief and de-spair, Waiting and watch-ing pa-tient-ly there

loved ones o-ver the tide In-to the har-bour near to their side

an-gels, whi-ter than snow, Watching for dear ones wait-ing be-low

sun-beam, pure as the dew, Anxious-ly look-ing, moth-er, for you

mes-sage, why will you roam? Je-sus is call-ing, "Sin-ner, come home"

rit. p colla voce. *dim* *a tempo. f*

Look-ing this way, yes, looking this way, Lov'd ones are wait-ing, looking this

Looking this way yes, looking this way; Lov'd ones are wait-ing, looking this

Look-ing - this way, yes, looking this way; Lov'd ones are wait-ing, looking this

Looking this way, yes, looking this way; Lov'd ones are waiting, looking this

way, Fair as the morn-ing, bright as the day Dear ones in

look-ing this way; Fair as the morn-ing, bright as the day Dear ones in

way, Fair as the morn-ing, bright as the day Dear ones in

way, Fair as the morn-ing, bright as the day Dear ones in

glo-ry looking this way.

glo-ry looking this way.

Dear ones in glo-ry looking this way.

glo-ry looking this way.

dim. *a tempo.*

rit. D.C.

Looking this way (Sacred song) 2

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

CLARIBEL.

Slowly. Con espress.

1. I can not sing the old songs, I sang long years a - go, For
 2. I can not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their
 3. I can not sing the old songs, For vi - sions come a - gain Of

heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For
 mel - o - dies would wak - en, Old sor - rows from their sleep; And
 gold - en dreams de - part - ed, And years of wea - ry pain; Per

by - gone hours come o'er my heart, With each fa - mil - iar strain, I
 tho' all un - for - got ten still, And sad - ly sweet they be, I
 haps when earth - ly fet - ters shall Have set my spir - it free, My

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain;
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me; My
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty;

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

In Time of Roses.

Semplice con affetto, (2da strofa con espress. beatificata)

Louise Reichardt

VOICE

In the time of ros - es, Hope, thou weary heart!
In the time of ros - es, Wear-y heart, re-joice!

PIANO *pp*

Spring a balm dis - clos - es For the keen-est smart.
Ere the sum-mer clos - es Comes the longed-for Voice.

Tho' thy grief o'er - cometh Thro' the win-ter's gloom,
Let not death ap - pal thee, For, be-yond the tomb,

espress. *poco sostenuto*

Thou shalt thrust it from thee, When the ros - es bloom.
God Him-self shall call thee, When the ros - es bloom.

I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls.

M. W. BALFE.

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With ves - sels and scrfs at my side,
 2. I dreamt that sul - tors sought my hand, That knights, up - on bend - ed knee,

..... And of all who as - sembled with in those walls, That I was the hope and the pride,
 And with vows no mai - den heart could with - stand, They pledg'd their faith to me,

..... I had rich - es too great... to count, could boast Of a high an - ces - tral name,
 And I dreamt that one of that no - ble host Came forth my hand to claim,

..... } But I al - so dreamt, which pleas'd me most, That you lov'd me still the same, That you

lov'd me, you lov'd ... me still ... the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd ... me still ... the same.

In Cellar Cold.

Old German Song.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

r. In cel - lar cold I

FINE. *f*

sit and hold my - self from cares and wor - ries, The rhen - ish wine, so old and fine, in

gob - lets this way hur - ries; 'Tis time to laugh and quaff and chaff, 'tis wis - dom to my

think - ing. To fill my glass and emp - ty it, in drink - ing, drink - ing, drink - ing.

D.C.

2. A woman's love may always prove a source of care and sorrow,
She may deceive, though you'll believe her word again to-morrow,
The good Rhine wine is truth itself, at least it's to my thinking,
'Twixt love and wine, I always side with drinking, drinking, drinking.

3. There let it pass, I fill my glass, though sorrow's cloud hang o'er me,
Content with this, I fail to miss the want of love and glory.
I boldly say, the finest way to keep the heart from sinking,
Care drive away, it cannot stay, when drinking, drinking, drinking.

ISE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

C. A. WHITE.

ALLEGRETTO.

ALLEGRETTO. Not too fast

1. Ise gwine back to Dixie. No more Ise gwine to wander. My heart's turn'd back to
2. I've been in fields of cotton. I've work'd up on the river. I used to think if
3. I'm travelling back to Dixie. My step is slow and feeble. I pray the Lord to

Dixie. I can't stay here no longer. I miss de ole plan-tation. My
I got off, I'd go back there no nev-er. But time has changed the old man His
help me. And lead me from all e-vil. And should my strength for-sake me, I beu

ad lib.

home and my re-lation. My heart's turn'd back to Dixie. And I must go.
head is bend-ing low. His heart's turn'd back to Dixie. And he must go.
kind friends come and take me. My heart's turn'd back to Dixie. And I must go.

colla voi.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO. Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise

ALTO. Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise

TENOR. Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise

BASS. Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise

PIANO. Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise

gwine where the orange blossoms grow..... For I hear the chil_dren calling I

gwine where the orange blossoms grow..... For I hear the chil_dren calling I

gwine where the orange blossoms grow..... For I hear the chil_dren calling I

gwine where the orange blossoms grow..... For I hear the chil_dren calling I

see their sad tears fall_ing, My heart's turn'd back to Dix_ie, And I must go.

see their sad tears fall_ing, My heart's turn'd back to Dix_ie, And I must go.

see their sad tears fall_ing, My heart's turn'd back to Dix_ie, And I must go.

see their sad tears fall_ing, My heart's turn'd back to Dix_ie, And I must go.

ad lib.

ON THE ROAD TO DIXIE.

see their sad tears fall_ing, My heart's turn'd back to Dix_ie, And I must go.

see their sad tears fall_ing, My heart's turn'd back to Dix_ie, And I must go.

see their sad tears fall_ing, My heart's turn'd back to Dix_ie, And I must go.

see their sad tears fall_ing, My heart's turn'd back to Dix_ie, And I must go.

colla voce.

AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?

Andante.

TENORS.

1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bo-som, There, there, hast thou thy throne, Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
 2. Then, then e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me? Tho'ts, tho'ts ten-der and true, love,
 3. Speak, speak, love, I im-plore thee, Say, say hope shall be thine; Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,

BASSES.

Am I not fond-ly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fond-ly thine own?
 Say, wilt thou cher-ish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say, wilt thou cher-ish for me?
 Say but that thou wilt be mine! Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say but that thou wilt be mine!

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

Music by W. Steffe.

1. John Brown's bo-dy lies a mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo-dy lies a.
 2. The stars of heav-en are... look-ing kind-ly down, The stars of heav-en are
 3. He's gone to be a soldier in the arm-y of the Lord, He's gone to be a soldier in the
 4. John Brown's knap-sack is strapped upon his back, John Brown's knap-sack is

mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo-dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, His soul goes marching on!
 look-ing kind-ly down, The stars of heav-en are looking kindly down, On the grave of old John Brown
 arm-y of the Lord, He's gone to be a soldier in the arm-y of the Lord! His soul is marching on!
 strapped upon his back, John Brown's knap-sack is strapped upon his back! His soul is marching on!

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-

lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-lo-lu-jah! His soul is marching on.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Words and music by Geo. F. Root.

1 Just be - fore the bat - tle, Moth - er, I am think - ing most of you,
2. Hark! I hear the bu - gles sound - ing, 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight,

While up - on the field we're watch - ing, With the en - e - my in view.
Now may God pro - tect us, Moth - er, As He ev - er does the right.

Com - rades brave are round me ly - ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God... For
Hear the "Bat - tle Cry of Free - dom," How it swells up - on the air... Oh,

well they know that on the mor - row Some will sleep be - neath the sod...
yes, we'll ral - ly round the stand - ard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there...

Chorus

Fare - well, Moth - er, you may nev - er

Fare - well, Moth - er, you may nev - er, you may nev - er, Moth - er, Press me to your heart a - gain. But

Oh, you'll not for - get me, Moth - er, *rit.* *dec. cat. pp.*
Oh, you'll not for - get me, Moth - er, you will not for - get me, If I'm numbered with the slain.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Andante moderato.

1. Why weep ye by the
2. Now let this wil - fu'
3. A ohaia 'o' gold ye
4. The kirk was deck'd at

PIANO. *dolce.*

tide, ladye? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my youngest son, And ye shall be his
grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale, Young Frank is chief of Er-ring-ton, And lord of Lang-ley-
shall not lack, Nor braid to bind your hair, Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk, Nor palfrey fresh and
morning tide, The taper glimmer'd fair, The priest and bridegroom wait the bride, And dame and knight are

bride. And ye shall be his bride, la - dye, Sae comely to be seen—But aye she loot the
dale. His step is first in peace-ful ha', His sword in bat - tie keen—But aye she loot the
fair; And you, the foremost o' them a', Shall ride our for - est queen—But aye she loot the
there. They sought her baith by bower and ha', The la - dy was not seen; She's o'er the bor - der,

cresc. *p*

tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel-dean.
tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel-dean.
tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel-dean.
and a - wa' Wi' Jock o' Ha - zel-dean.

sf *dolce.*

JINGLE BELLS.

Solo.
Allegro.

1. Dashing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh, O'er the fields we go,
2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fan - nie Bright Was
3. Now the ground is white, Go it while you're young; Take the girls to - night, And

Laughing all the way; Bells on bob - tail ring, Mak - ing spir - its bright; What
sat - ed by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot; He
sing this sleighing song; 'nst get a lob-tail'd bay, Two - for - ty for his speed; Then

Chorus.

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh - ing song to - night! Jin - gle bells! jin - gle bells!
got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - sot, Jin - gle bells! jin - gle bells!
hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead. Jin - gle bells! jin - gle bells!

Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a

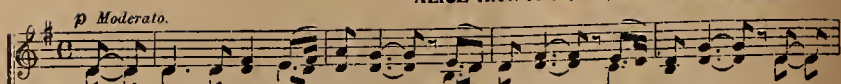
one - horse o - pen sleigh! Jin - gle bells! jin - gle bells! Jin - gle all the

way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In one - horse o - pen sleigh.

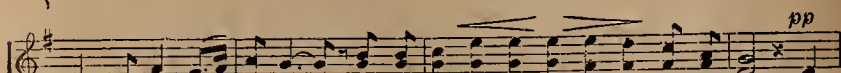
LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

ALICE HAWTHORNE (SEPTIMUS WINNER).

p Moderato.

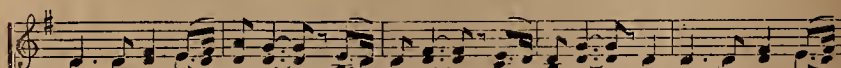


1. I'm... dream-ing now of Hal-lie... sweet Hal-lie... sweet Hal-lie... I'm...
 2. Ah!... well I yet re mem-ber... re mem-ber... re mem-ber... Ah!...
 3. When the charms of spring a wak-en... a wak-en... a wak-en... When the




pp

dream-ing now of Hal-lie... For the thought of her is one that nev-er dies; She's
 well I yet re niem-ber When we garh-ered in the col-ton, side by side: 'Twas
 charms of spring a wak-en, And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing on the bough, I

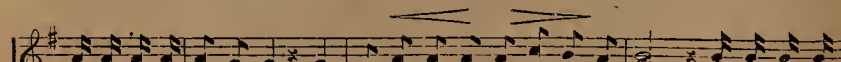


sleep-ing in the val-ley, the val-ley, the val-ley, She's sleep-ing in the
 in the mild Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, 'Twas in the mild Sep-
 feel like one for sak-en, for sak-en, for sak-en, I feel like one for

CHORUS. *p leggiero.*



val-ley, And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing where she lies Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,
 tem-ber, And the mock-ing bird was sing-ing far and wide, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,
 sak-en, Since my Hal-lie is no lon-ger with me now. Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,



Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, The mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her grave, Lis-ten to the

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD. 2

mock-ing bird, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing wil-lows wave.

THE "GLORY" SONG.

1. When all my labours and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have lov'd long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
hea-ven a- place Just to be there and to look on his face,
-round me will flow Yet just a smile from my Saviour I know,

Oh, that will be-----
Will thro' the a- ges be glo-ry for me----- Oh,----- that will
Will thro' the a- ges be glo-ry for me-----
Will thro' the a- ges be glo-ry for me----- Oh, that will be-----

glo-ry for me,----- glo-ry for me,----- glo-ry for me,----- When by His
be----- glo-ry for me,----- glo-ry for me,----- glo-ry for me,-----
glo-ry for me,----- glo-ry for me,----- glo-ry for me,----- When by His

grace
When I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me!
grace

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Music by MICHAEL W. BALFE.

Moderato.

1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll
2. The min - strel fell, but the foe - man's chain Could not bring that proud soul

find him; His fa - ther's sword he hath gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be
un - der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a -

hind him; "Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be.
sun - der, And said, "No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and

trays thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee."
brav - ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - ry."

MY TASK

Maude Louise Ray

(Solo for Contralto or Baritone)

E. L. Ashford

VOICE

PIANO

L. H.

To
To

cresc

love some one more dear-ly ev'-ry day,
fol-low truth as blind men long for light,

To help a wand'ring child to find his
To do my best from dawn of day till

way, To pon-der o'er a no-ble thought, and pray, And smile when
night, To keep my heart fit for His ho-ly sight, And answer

piu lento

ad lib

even-ing falls, And smile when even-ing falls,
when He calls, And answer when He calls,

This is my task.
This is my task.

dim.

mf

THE

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT!

STEPHEN C. POSTER.

PIANO *Moderato.* *mf*

1. The sun shines bright in the
2. They hunt no more for the
3. The head must howl and the

mp

old Ken-tuck-y home. 'Tis summer, the dar-ries are gay, The corn-top's ripe and the
pos-sion and the moon, On the meadow, the hill and the shore, They sing no more by the
back will have to bend, Where-ev-er the dar-key may go, A few more days and the

men-dows in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The
glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old ca-bin door. The
trou-ble all will end In the field where the su-gar canes grow. A

young folks roll on the lit-tle ca-bin floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright: By a
 day goes by like a sha-dow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light: The
 few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A

by Hard Times comes a knocking at the door, Then my old Kentucky Home, good night.
 time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky Home, good night.
 few more days till we trol-ly on the road, Then my old Kentucky Home, good night.

SOPI. Chorus.

mp Weep no more, my la-dy. oh! weep no more to-day! We will

AUTO. *mp*

TEN. *mp*

BASS. *mp*

mf sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y Home, for the old Ken-tuck-y Home, far a-way.

mf

MAID OF ATHENS.

Words by LORD BYRON.

Music by H. R. ALLEN.

Andante con molto espressione.

mp

1. Maid of Ath-ens, ere we part...	Give, O, give me back my heart!
2. By those tress-es un-con-fined...	Wooded by each E-ge-an wind...
3. Maid of Ath-ens, I am gone...	Think of me, sweet, when a-lone...

Or since that has left my breast,	Keep it now and take the rest!
By those lids whose jet-ty fringe.	Kiss thy soft cheek's bloom-ing tinge...
Though I fly to Is-tan-bol...	Ath-ens holds my heart and soul...

mf più lento. *pp*

Hear my vow be-fore I go,	Hear my vow be-fore I go. My
By those wild eyes like the rose,	Hear my vow be-fore I go....
Can I cease to love thee? no!	Can I cease to love thee? no!....

can tenerezza. *p*

life... I love... thee,	My dear-est life, I... love... thee!
Zo-e mou, sas a-ga-pol!	Zo-e mou, sas a-ga-pol!

cres. *dimp.* *pp*

1. Hear my vow be-fore I go,	{	My... life, I love..... but thee!
2. Hear my vow be-fore I go,		Zo-e mou, sas a-ga-pol
3. Can I cease to love thee? no!		

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

Moderate.

1. Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toil, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 3. I see no blush up on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

cres.

Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 Tho' thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 The Old Line bu - gle, fife and drum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

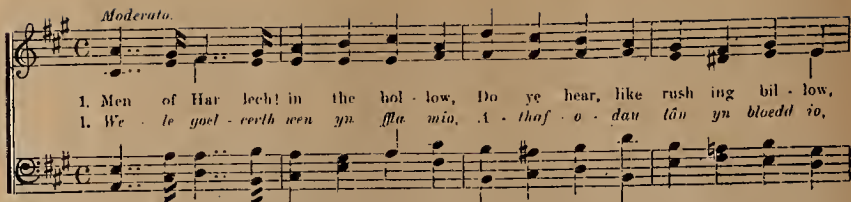
p

Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust,
 Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,
 For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal,
 Come! to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long.

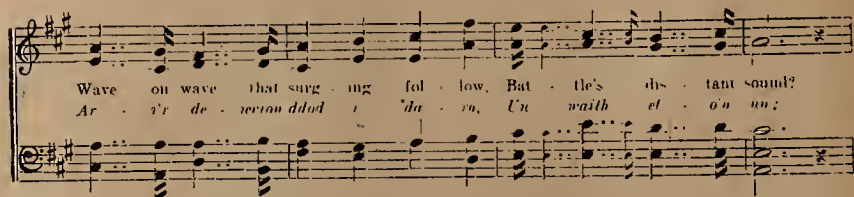
And all thy slum - b'ers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 And gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 And ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

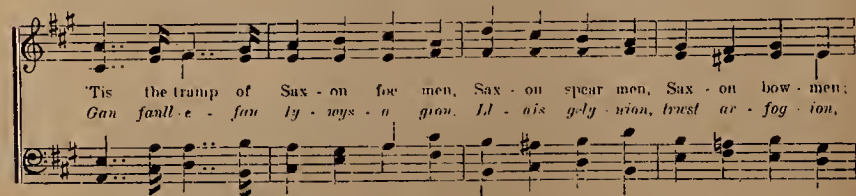
Moderato.



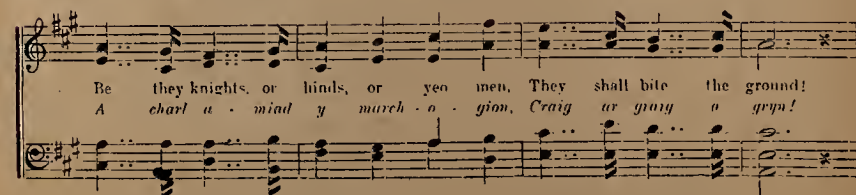
1. Men of Harlech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low,
1. We-le goel-erth wen yu ffla mia, A-thaf-o-dau tân yu bloedd io,



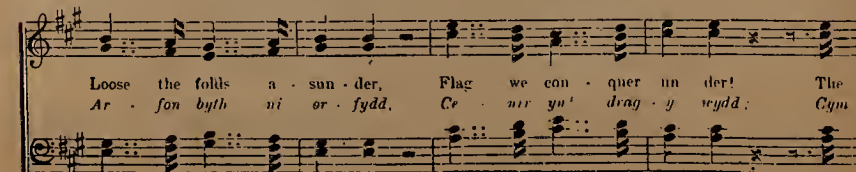
Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low, Bat-tle's dis-tant sound?
Ar-af de-neron ddud i da-en, Un-waith et-o'n un;



'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe men, Sax-on spear men, Sax-on bow-men;
Gan faull-e-fon ty-rys-a-gion, Ll-ais gely-wion, trvest ar-fog-ion,

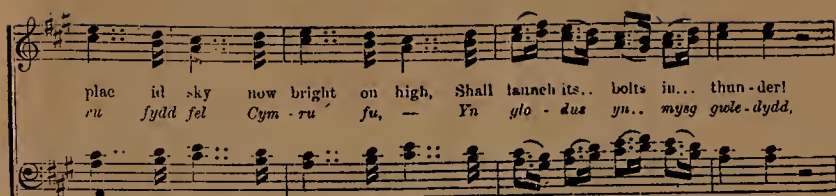


Be they knights, or linds, or yea men, They shall bite the ground!
A charl-a-mind y-murch-a-gion, Craig ar-graig a-gryn!



Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! The
Ar-son byth ni-or-fydd, Ce-nir yu' drag-y-eydd; Cym

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH. 2



plac id sky now bright on high, Shall launch its.. bolts in... thun-der!
ru fydd fel Cym - ru fu, — Yn glo - dus yn... mysg gole - dydd,



On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us; He is... brav - est, he who leads us!
Yn ng - wyn o - leun'r goel certhi aeth, Tros we... fu - sa - u Cym - ro'n marw,



Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free-dom! God, and Right!
Au - ni - by - ni aeth sydd yn gath, Am ei de - wraf dyn.

2 Rocky steep and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of arrow,
Who would think of death and sorrow?
Death is glory now
Hurl the reeling horsemen over,
Let the earth dead foemen cover,
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,
Trembles on a blow!
Strands of life are riven,
Blow for blow is given,
In deadly lock, or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to heaven!
Men of Harlech! young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
Freedom! God, and Right!

2 Ni chwiiff gelyn ladd ac ymlid,
Harlech! Harlech! cwyd iw herlid;
Y mae Rhoddwr mawr ein Rhyddid,
Yn rhoi nerth i ni;
Wele Gymru a'i byddinoedd,
Na ymdywallt o'r mynyddbedd!
Rhuthrant fel rhaiadrau dyfroedd
Llanant fel y lli!
Llyddiant'n llyddon!
Rwyetro bar yr estron!
Cwybod yn ei galon guiff,
Fel bratha cleddyf Brython;
Y clodd yn erbyn clodd a chwery,
Dur yn erbyn dur a dery
Wele fâner Gwallia'i fyny
Rhyddid aiff a hi?

Oh promise me.

Words by VICTOR KOTIN.

R. de KOVEN, Op. 50.

Moderato.

Voico.

Piano.

p

pesante.

mf

p

1 Oh prom - ise me in fut - ure you and
2 Oh prom - ise dear that you'll be true to

I me May join our hearts in love un - der some sky Where
me Each mo - ment of the day thy face I see And

semplice, poco rall.

all-ence reigns and old - time love renew To search the path-way where those bloss-oms
let my love so light-en in your eyes To beck - on on my sad heart's para-

presto.

poco rall.

Words translated from the French used by permission of the Author.

p con tenerenza.

grew. — Those ear - ly flow - ers of the frag - rant spring Which
dise. — And while stars shine tran - quill in heav - en's blue Noke

p marc. la melodia.

cresc.

steal their way into our hearts and slag Of hap - pi - ness and joy that
mo a vow and prom - ise to be true A great - er boon I can not

cresc.

f rall.

is to to Oh prom - ise me, oh prom - ise me!

ask of Theo

f rall.

2 rall. ff

prom - ise me, oh prom - ise me!

rall. ff a tempo. pp

Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

J. P. KNIGHT.

Slow and with expression.

VOICE. *8* *tr* Rock'd in the cra-dle of the

PIANO. *mf* *pp* FINE.

deep..... I lay me down..... in peace to sleep; Se- cure, I rest up- on the wave,..... For Thou, O

Lord,... hast pow-er to save. *tr* I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's

fall, *tr* And calm and peace-ful shall I sleep,..... Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. And *tr*

calm and peace-ful shall I sleep,..... Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. *tr* *mf*

And such the trust that still were mine Tho' stormy

tr

pp

winds sweep o'er the brine, Or tho' the tem-pest's fier-ry breath Rous'd me from slum-ber to wreck, and

trem.

death! In a cean cave still safe with thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty! And

p

tr

calm and peace-ful shall I sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. And

tr

calm and peace-ful shall I sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

tr

ad lib.

tr

D.C. & al Fine

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep—8

SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson.

J. Barnby.

Larghetto.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

pp

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . Rest, rest on

TENOR AND BASS.

pp

sf *p* *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . Fa - ther will come to his

sf *p* *mf*

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go. Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

pp

wa - ters go. Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

wa - ters go. Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

pp

wa - ters go. Come . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

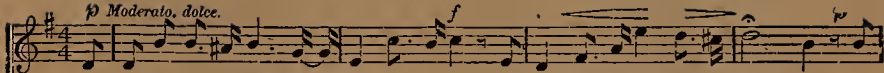
p *rall e dim.* *pp*

me. While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
moon: Sleep. my lit - tle one, sleep. my pret - ty one, sleep.

p *rall e dim.* *pp*

THE SPANISH CAVALIER.

p Moderato, dolce.



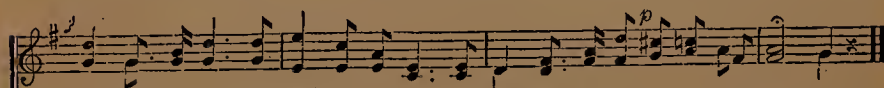
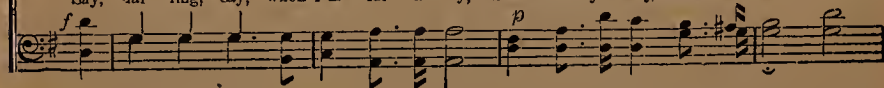
1. A Span-ish cav - a - tier stood in his re-treat, And on his gui-tar play'd a tune, dear; , ,
2. I am off to the war, to the war I must go, To fight for my coun-try and you, dear; But
3. And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re-turn, Back to my coun-try and you, dear; But



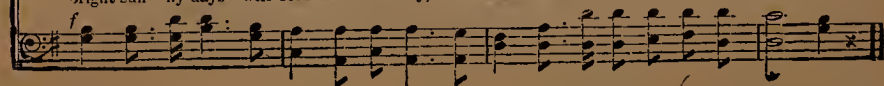
mu - sic so sweet, they'd oft-times re - peat, The bless-ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
 if I should fall, in vain I would call, The bless-ing of my coun - try and you, dear
 if I be slain, you may seek me in vain, Up - on the bat-tle - field you will find me.



Say, dar - ling, say, when I'm far a - way, Some-times you may think of me, dear,



Bright sun - ny days will soon fade a - way, Re-mem - ber what I say, and be true, dear.



SWEET GENEVIEVE.

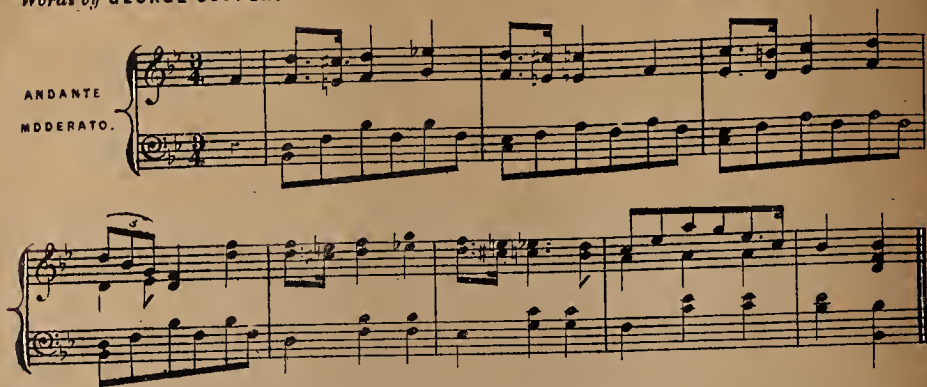
SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

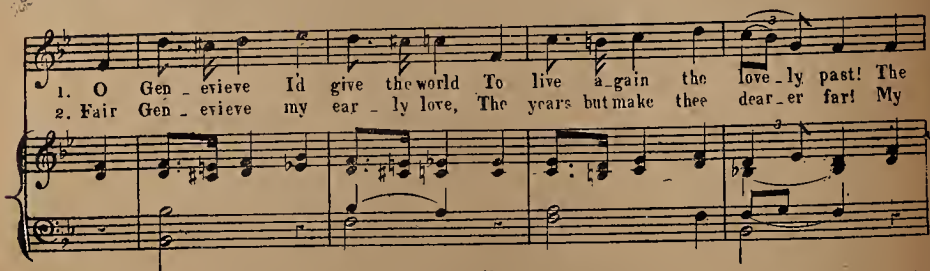
Music by HENRY TUCKER.

ANDANTE

MODERATO.



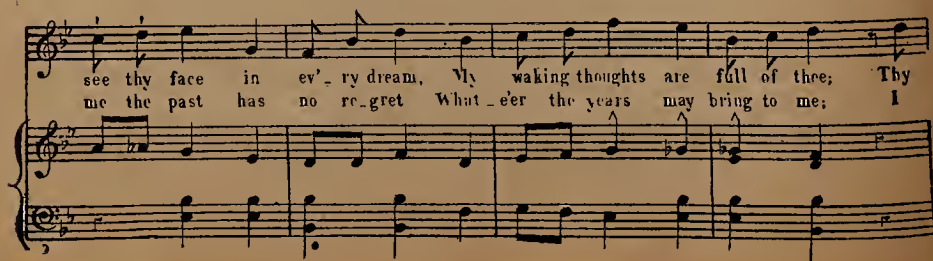
1. O Gen - evieve I'd give the world To live a gain the love - ly past! The
2. Fair Gen - evieve my ear - ly love, The years but make thee dear - er far! My



rose of youth was dew - impearl'd; But now it withers in the blast. For
heart shall nev - er, nev - er rove: Thou art my on - ly gui - ding star. For



see thy face in ev - ry dream, My waking thoughts are full of thee; Thy
me the past has no re - gret What - e'er the years may bring to me; I



glance is in the star - ry beam That falls a - long & the sun - mer sea
bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee.

cblly voce.

CHORUS.

AIR.

O, Gen - erieve, sweet Gen - erieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

ALTO.

O, Gen - erieve, sweet Gen - erieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

TENOR.

O, Gen - erieve, sweet Gen - erieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

BASS.

O, Gen - erieve, sweet Gen - erieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

PIANO.

Coda ad lib:

still the hands of mem'ry weave The blissful dreams of long a - go. O, Gen - erieve.

still the hands of mem'ry weave The blissful dreams of long a - go. O, Gen - erieve.

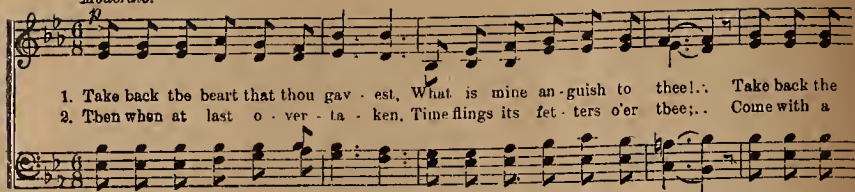
still the hands of mem'ry weave The blissful dreams of long a - go. O, Gen - erieve.

still the hands of mem'ry weave The blissful dreams of long a - go. O, Gen - erieve.

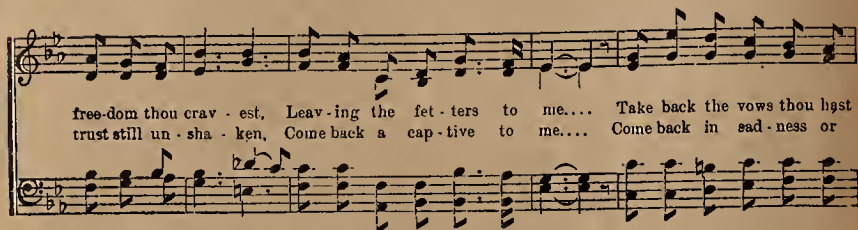
cblly voce.

TAKE BACK THE HEART.

Moderato.

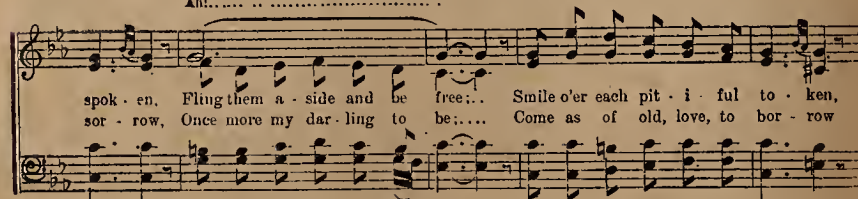


1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is mine an - guish to thee!.. Take back the
2. Then when at last o - ver - ta - ken, Time flings its fet - ters o'er thee;.. Come with a



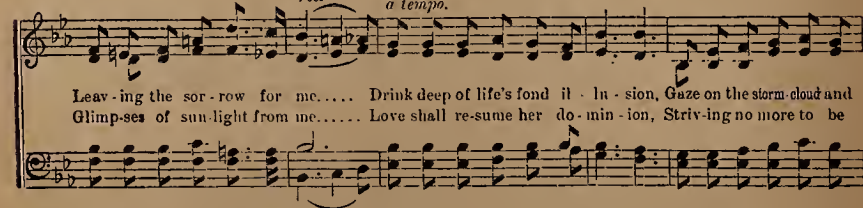
free-dom thou crav - est, Leav - ing the fet - ters to me.... Take back the vows thou hast
trust still un - sha - ken, Come back a cap - tive to me.... Come back in sad - ness or

Ah!.....



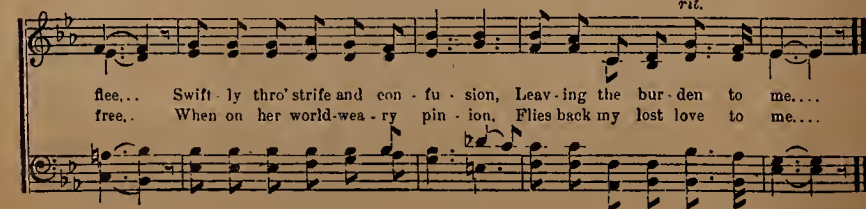
spok - en, Fling them a - side and be free;.. Smile o'er each pit - i - ful to - ken,
sor - row, Once more my dar - ling to be;.... Come as of old, love, to bor - row

rit. *a tempo.*



Leav - ing the sor - row for me.... Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - sion, Gaze on the storm cloud and
Glimp - sea of sun - light from me.... Love shall re - sume her do - min - ion, Striv - ing no more to be

rit.

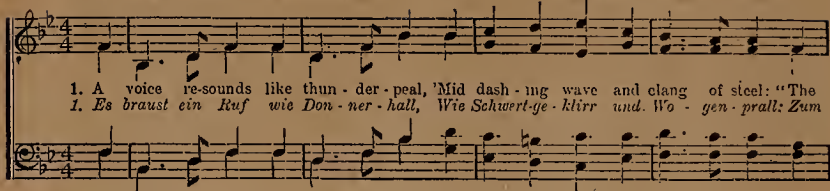


flee... Swift - ly thro' strife and con - fu - sion, Leav - ing the bur - den to me....
free.. When on her world - wea - ry pin - ion, Flies back my lost love to me....

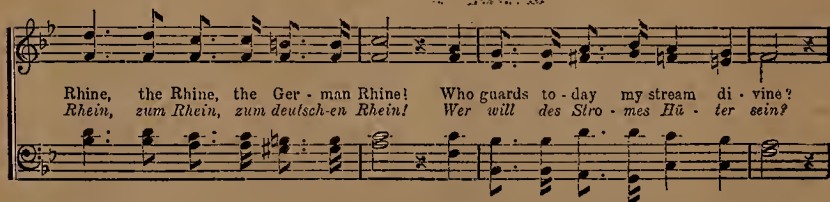
THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

Words by Max Schneckenburger.

Music by Carl Wilhelm.

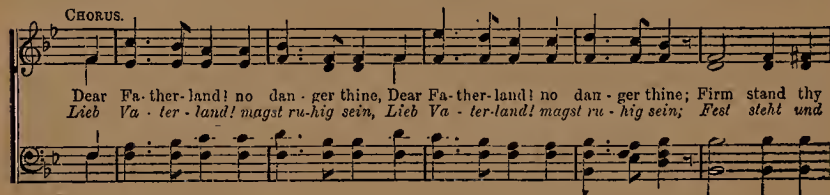


1. A voice re-sounds like thun - der - peal, 'Mid dash - ing wave and clang of steel: "The
 1. Es braust ein Ruf wie Don - ner - hall, Wie Schwert - ge - klirr und. Wo - gen - prall: Zum



Rhine, the Rhine, the Ger - man Rhine! Who guards to - day my stream di - vine?
 Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutsch - en Rhein! Wer will des Stro - mes Hü - ter sein?

CHORUS.



Dear Fa - ther - land! no dan - ger thine, Dear Fa - ther - land! no dan - ger thine; Firm stand thy
 Lieb Va - ter - land! magst ru - hig sein, Lieb Va - ter - land! magst ru - hig sein; Fest steht und



sons to watch, to watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.
 treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein! Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

2 They stand a hundred thousand strong,
 Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
 With filial love their bosoms swell;
 They'll guard the sacred land-mark well.

3 To heav'n his eager glances fly,
 Whence heroes gaze approvingly,
 And swears, with haughty pride, the Rhine
 Shall German be while life is mine!

4 While flows one drop of German blood,
 Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
 While rifle rests in patriot's hand,
 No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

5 Our oath resounds, the river flows,
 In golden light our banner glows,
 Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,
 The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

2 Durch Hundert-tausend zuckt es schnell,
 Und aller Augen blitzen hell;
 Der Deutsche, bieder, fromm und stark,
 Beschützt die heil'ge Landesmark.

3 Er blickt hinauf in Himmelsan'n,
 Da Heldenwüther niederschau'n,
 Und schwört mit stolzer Kampfeslust,
 Du, Rhein, bleibst deutsch wie meine Brust!

4 So lang' ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,
 Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht,
 Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,
 Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand.

5 Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
 Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind:
 Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein,
 Wir alle-wollen Hüter sein!

Weel may the Keel row.

1. Oh, who is like my John - nie, Sae leish, sae blythe, sae bon - nie? He's fore - most among the

mo - ny Keel lads o' coal - y Tyne. He'll set or row sae tight - ly, Or

with the voice.

the dance sae spright - ly, He'll cut and shuf - fle sight - ly, 'Tis true, were he not mine.

2.
He has nae mair o' learning
Than tells his weekly earning;
Yet right frae wrang discerning;
Tho' brave, nae bruiser he;
Tho' he no worth a plack is,
His ain coat on his back is,
And nane can say that black is
The white o' Johnnie's e'e.
Weel may, &c.

3.
He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple in his chin;
And weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row
That my lad's in.
Weel may, &c.

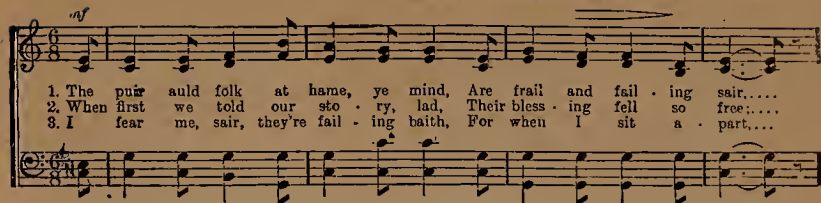
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Weel may the keel row That my lad's in.

rall. *in time.* *D.C. 8*

WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE.

Words and music by Mrs. Chas. Barnard

mf



1. The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, Are frail and fail - ing sair....
 2. When first we told our sto - ry, lad, Their bless - ing fell so free....
 3. I fear me, sair, they're fail - ing baith, For when I sit a part....



And weel I ken they'd miss me, lad, Gin I came hame nae mair...
 They gave no thought to self at all, They did but think of me...
 They'll talk o' heav'n sae ear - nest - ly, It well - nigh breaks my heart!..

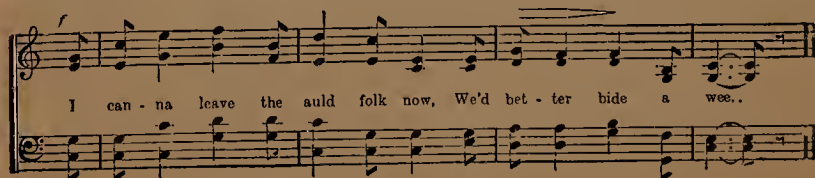


The grist is out, the times are hard, The kine are on - ly three...
 But, lad - die, that's a time a - wa, And mith - er's like to dee...
 So, lad - die, din - na urge me mair, It sure - ly win - na be....

CHORUS.



I can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a wee....



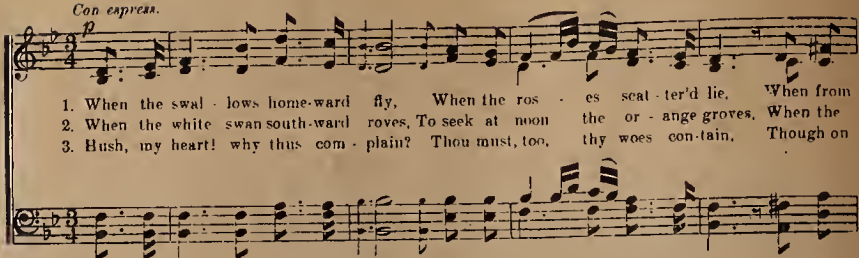
I can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a wee..

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WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

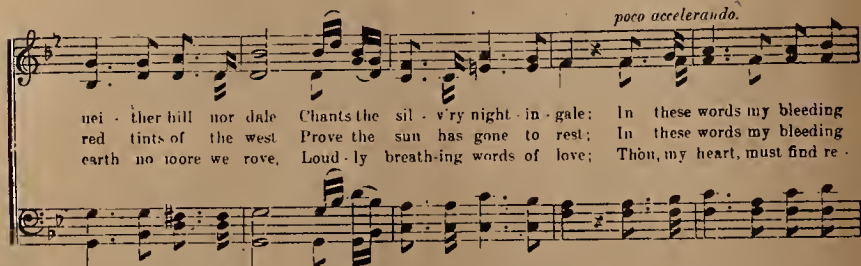
FRANZ ABT.

Con espres.



1. When the swal - lows home - ward fly, When the ros - es scat - ter'd lie, When from
2. When the white swan south - ward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange groves, When the
3. Hush, my heart! why thus com - plain? Thou must, too, thy woes con - tain, Though on

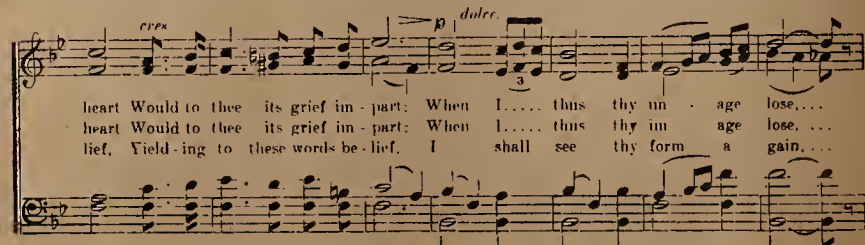
poco accelerando.



nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the sil - v'ry night - in - gale; In these words my bleeding
red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding
earth no more we rove, Loud - ly breath - ing words of love; Thon, my heart, must find re -

cres.

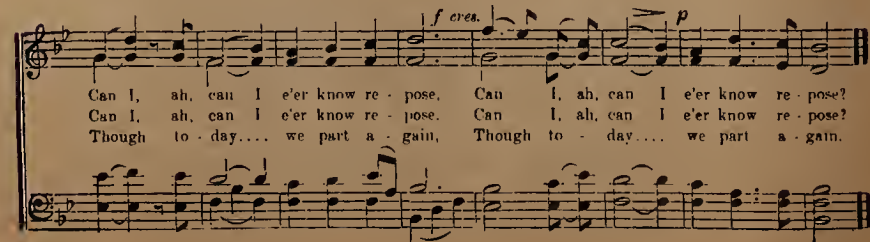
p. durer.



heart Would to thee its grief in - part; When I.... thus thy un - age lose, ...
heart Would to thee its grief in - part; When I.... thus thy un - age lose, ...
lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief, I shall see thy form a gain, ...

f crea.

p.



Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?
Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?
Though to - day... we part a - gain, Though to - day... we part a - gain.

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Huntington Tower, doot.
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Juanita.
Killarney.
Last Rose of Summer.
Land o' the Leal.
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Maple Leaf Forever.
My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.
Old Folks at Home.
Old Oaken Bucket.
Old Black Joe.
O Canada.
Red, White and Blue.
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Silver Threads Among the Gold.
Soldier's Farewell.
Stars of the Summer Night.
Star of the East.
Sweet and Low.
Then You'll Remember Me.
Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground.
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